

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

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ATLANTA, GA., MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 13, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BLAINE IS DEAD.

Exploring Echo from the Halls of Minneapolis.

LEADERS GREATLY DISSATISFIED.

Harrison's Coldblooded Friends and Their Methods.

THE OFFICE HOLDERS ARE ON DECK.

The Nomination of Whitelaw Reid May Prove to Be a Load Too Heavy to Carry.

Minneapolis, Minn., June 12.—(Special) There was, perhaps, never a convention in this country the acts of which caused such unfavorable comment.

There was absolutely no enthusiasm except for a moment when it was discovered that Harrison was nominated, and when McKinley asked if the convention desired to make it unanimous, there were fully 300 delegates who sat silent and grum.

The Work of the Office Holders.

Around the corridors of the West house there were many expressions of discontent among the delegates of the northern and eastern states. The majority of the New York delegation were as mad as hornets. They declared openly that it was an outrage to have a candidate thrust upon the party by the votes of a lot of states which could do nothing whatever towards his election.

Ex-Senator Platt said: "If the votes of the people of the democratic states had only been equally divided between the two candidates, Mr. Harrison would not have been nominated; but with these states practically sold for him, and the office-holding delegates and their friends from other states, of course, we could not defeat him. As it is we will go in and attempt to elect him."

But it is quite evident that Platt will not exert himself very much simply for the reason that he does not believe that there is any hope of the republicans carrying New York. The Harrison people, knowing the anger of the men who have always been the leaders of the republican party in New York, wrote to Fassett, begging him to accept the vice presidential nomination. They offered to give it to him unanimously, but he answered that he would not accept under any circumstances.

Then Reid Came In.

Then it was decided that Whitelaw Reid should be the nominee. The New York delegation selected him because President Harrison had expressed a preference for him, and, indeed, for a month or more the nomination had been practically determined upon. Had it not been for the discontent of the New Yorkers the nomination would never have been offered Fassett. Reid will be a load upon the ticket on account of the opposition of organized labor to him. Still his nomination was a fitting recognition to the loyalty of the republican press to the president. While a majority of the delegates from the republican and doubtful states are to be numbered among the discontents over the action of the convention, and while they left Minneapolis swearing that the men who nominated Harrison could now elect him, they will all get in line within a few weeks, and will perhaps work just as hard for Harrison's election as they would have worked had Blaine been nominated. The republicans have a little way of fighting among themselves, but when it comes to voting they always manage to get together. Consequently, while the democrats should elect the next president it will be no walk-over, but will take hard and united work, together with a man who is sure of carrying New York, and at the same time is strong in Indiana.

Tom Reed's Disappointment.

Perhaps the most disappointed men in the country are Tom Reed, and McKinley. Up to Thursday Reed had considered his chances of getting the nomination first class. He had gone to many of his friends and asked their support on the second ballot. He had no idea, even on Friday morning, that Harrison would get it on the first ballot, and it was he who arranged the scheme to have the convention swayed from its course by the influence and magnetism of the enthusiasm of a pretty woman. He had planned the little coup worked upon the convention by the beautiful Mrs. Carson Lake, and had no doubt that it would have the desired effect. As it was, its effect was simply wonderful, and had it occurred on the first day of the convention it would have created a genuine stampede for Blaine. Major McKinley did not expect that his name would appear before the convention until Thursday night, after the Harrison caucus had been held in the afternoon. He was then informed that he would be voted for, and when he learned that his old enemy, Foraker, had come in line for him, hope rose in his breast, and Friday morning he felt that his chances of knocking the person whom were better than those of any other candidate. He, however, does not feel so badly as Tom Reed, for his vote was very complimentary, and has made him a formidable candidate for 1896, while Tom Reed, who had expected great things, secured only three paltry votes. Reed's scheme was to work the south, but the influence of Harrison's promises and the use of cold cash were too much for him. Reed's slim vote removes him forever from presidential possibilities, unless McKinley gets out of the way in 1896. Still, the mention of Reed's name in the first day of the convention caused more enthusiasm among the delegates than that of any other man, except Blaine.

What the Newspaper Men Will Do.

The newspaper correspondents who came out from Washington as the guests of the Pennsylvania railroad left here this morning for Lake Minnetonka, where they will be entertained by the Minneapolis Press Club, and from there they go up to North Dakota for a few days as the guests of the railroads. They will arrive in Chi-

cago Wednesday morning to attend the democratic convention, which meets Tuesday week.

The Story of Blaine's Slaughter.

Here is the neatest piece of descriptive work done on the convention. It appears in The Minneapolis Times, and was written by James Gray, the managing editor:

"It's done, but yesterday a king
And now he's armed with kings to strive,
And now he's armed with a nameless thing.
So abject, yet so bold."

These lines of Byron, written to commemorate the fall of Napoleon, are the only words in the language fit to describe the annihilation of James G. Blaine.

Blaine, the man of many battles, the Rupert of republicanism, the plumed knight who, like an "armed warrior," marched down the aisles of the American congress and threw his broadsword of every descendant of the country and mail of his honor; Blaine, the ant-type of Clay, was dead, dead, not in fair fight with armor on and lance in hand, but strangled like a criminal in his cell, or like an old horse shot to death, by the weapon of chilling policy.

The republican party could not support him in his old age and in the state his services demanded. It could not adequately punish him, so it assassinated him with a gurgling cheer in its throat and a tear of repressed passion in its eye.

Numerous as were the events of the convention, the last great struggle of the republican party for a hold upon the gallantry and gratitude of Americans, the one overshadowing fact is the assault, decease, and mutilation of Blaine.

Mystically tells us that on the field of Mar-

tin on that day when Reed was born, the author of their city, and returned without him. When

the plebs inquired for him they were assured that a great storm arose when they were in council, and in the midst of it Romulus disappeared. As the conspirators explained, the gods took Romulus to themselves after the manner that Jehovah called Elijah higher. This cock and bull story was believed by the politicians, but the reporters alleged that the politicals could not believe it.

They carried the ghastly head of the man who was his life-long friend and the chief promoter of his political ambition. The hand that was so often raised in the defense of republican principles, whether good or bad, belongs of right to William R. McKinley.

The republican council is over. The storm of applause is past. The thunder of contention is a memory, and the republican auto-

mobiles have departed to their homes, carrying each a picture of the young living breathing James G. Blaine. Despite the leading conspirator, has the pose of doubtful honor.

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This is the record of those who struck down Blaine. How stands it with those who put him in a position to be gashed and killed when they brought him out of Elba with the specious promises of a new empire and a revived old guard?—Clarkson. Who begged him with rosy lips of an army, conquering and to conquer?—One who was his M. R. McKinley, when the final test of a general came?

They all contributed more to the "deep damnation of his taking off" than Dewey or Hiscock or McKinley. They begged him with false promises of support. They dragged him from the seclusion of an honorable declination.

"The most serious question concerning the south is its moral sentiment. A section of country that boasts of its lawlessness and of its success in overturning the will of the majority in the exercise of the franchise, and debases the dignity of its legislation by putting upon its statute books laws that discriminate against a people on account of color, race and previous condition of servitude, must have a different moral code from Christian sections, or else the law that compels Frederick Douglass, ex-United States marshal, ex-minister and ex-consul general, ex-recorder of deeds, a public man for fifty years, to ride in the same car with convicts in their stripes, and with any other dirty, ignorant, noisy passengers who happen to be colored, is an outrage, and a disgrace to any people who pretend to put a premium upon virtue, morality and education."

FRED DUGLASS

Is Worthy Because He Was Not Peeted in the South.

HE FEELS THAT HE IS A BIG MAN, And That He Should Have Been Treated with Distinction.

BILL MORRISON BEGINS TO MOVE.

He Thinks That There Is a Possibility in Store for Him in Chicago—The News of the Capital.

Washington, June 12.—(Special)—Fred Douglass recently made a tour of the south, visiting various educational institutions for youths of his race. It would appear that the southern people did not take him in their arms; neither did they recognize him as a social equal. Douglass' pet dream has been social equality for the negroes. He is a monomaniac on the subject. Although he was treated well by the southern people, yet it rankles in his breast that he was still held to be a negro. He was accompanied on his trip by his son. The latter has been writing about the tour. He says:

"It was asserted recently in Washington by a Congregational minister, who is also the editor of a leading paper published by that denomination, that there was no such thing as an enforcement of the separate coach or 'Jim-crow' car law. The experience of Mr. Douglass conclusively proves the fidelity of this statement. At Knoxville, Tenn., where the ticket office is arranged between the 'ladies' waiting room and the 'gentlemen's' waiting room,' with windows opening into each, it has also a small window leading outside, where colored people are compelled to purchase their tickets. It being dark at this window, the writer stepped into the 'gentlemen's' waiting room."

To quote him again:

"The most serious question concerning the south is its moral sentiment. A section of country that boasts of its lawlessness and of its success in overturning the will of the majority in the exercise of the franchise, and debases the dignity of its legislation by putting upon its statute books laws that discriminate against a people on account of color, race and previous condition of servitude, must have a different moral code from Christian sections, or else the law that compels Frederick Douglass, ex-United States marshal, ex-minister and ex-consul general, ex-recorder of deeds, a public man for fifty years, to ride in the same car with convicts in their stripes, and with any other dirty, ignorant, noisy passengers who happen to be colored, is an outrage, and a disgrace to any people who pretend to put a premium upon virtue, morality and education."

Morrison's Uneasy Feeling.

Colonel William R. Morrison, of Illinois,

is a candidate for the democratic nomination. He is not a content with the possibility of being a dark horse. He is working to be other than that doubtful animal, which had but a faint smell of the oats at Minneapolis. His friends have removed his blanket, and it is seen that his color is not dark. They are endeavoring to work up sentiment here for him. A sort of literary bureau has been started in his interest. The members of congress who are talking him up are chiefly from Illinois and the southern states.

They came back home a little after 6 o'clock and played about the balcony within sight of their mother. From their places on the balcony they watched the throngs of people walking along the streets, and tempted by the bright June afternoon and the sight of so many people, the two little girls wanted to go out again.

Within sight of where they were playing was Benjamin & Cronheim's drug store, and a crowd of people stood around the soda fountain enjoying cool refreshments.

"Sister," said little Lena, "you ask mamma if we can't go and get some ice cream."

The suggestion met the hearty approval of little Rosie, and she ran to her mother for the desired permission.

The mother gazed at her two little ones with all a mother's fondness, and noticing the eager, expectant look on their faces, told them they might go. She gave them some money, and her parting injunction was:

"Be careful, and don't get hurt."

Laughing, they ran off.

With faces all glow with happiness, and looking fresh and sweet in their little white frocks, the two sisters ran off laughing, and chatting together, as children will.

At the drug store the pretty little black-eyed children peeped over the counter and the clerk sat two plates of ice cream before them.

People who came up to the soda fountain within the next few moments saw the laughing children eating their ice cream and talking together.

Under the Wheels.

Hand in hand the little girls left the drug store, and stopped for a moment on the balcony to gaze up at the balcony they had just left, which was just a few yards up the street on the opposite side from that on which they were standing.

Through the open window they could see their mother.

They started across the street, little Lena a step in advance of her sister.

Prattling and laughing the children reached the side of the street car track.

As they did so a car coming from the city was almost upon them.

Rosie Sugarmen saw it, and seeing that it was but a few feet from them, threw out her hand to catch Lena, who had started to run.

But with a quick spring and a happy laugh, little Lena darted away and started across the track.

People walking along the street saw the little girl make the daring run, and their hearts leaped to their throats.

It was a thrilling moment.

The laughing child reached the farther rail and—

The car struck her.

She rolled under the wheels, there was a cry of pain, and the lookers-on saw the little girl being dragged beneath the wheels of the car.

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SUNDAY IN CAMP.

The Georgia Soldiers Resting Under the Shade of Green Trees.

THE PROGRESS OF THE ENCAMPMENT.

The Work of Captain Field—Finishing Up the Week's Work—The Men on Duty.

Camp Northern, June 12.—(Special)—Although today is Sunday the big cannon boomed this morning at the usual hour for the boys at the camp to begin another day. But it has not been another day of work, for none of the regular duties, except guard duty, have been done today.

The boys enjoy the rest from their work. For, although prominence has been given more to the social side of the camp life, they have really accomplished a great deal of work.

The week in camp is nearly ended. The order has been given to "break camp," and tomorrow evening at 4 o'clock Colonel C. M. Wylie and his troops of the second regiment will evacuate Camp Northern.

Great good to the volunteers of the Second regiment has been accomplished, and to one who watched them in company, battalion and regimental drill from day to day can readily discern the marked improvement in each.

Captain Field's Work.

Indispensable to the accomplishment of this work has been Captain Edward Field, Lieutenants Satterlee, Palmer, Kinnely and Haynes, and Captain Lewis Smith, who has but recently joined in the duties of inspector. There is no information sought by officer or private in the volunteers that these officers do not impart. The application is cheerful, willing and with uniform courtesy. The soldiers of the regulars who are here as an object lesson to the volunteers have been of invaluable benefit also, as without them the officers could not have demonstrated the maneuvers as they have done.

In finishing up the week's work it is extremely interesting to note what amount of work has been done. Rising in the morning at 5 o'clock, the company drill on the parade ground in battalions, drilling for an hour, making for the week seven hours' battalion drill. In the afternoon they drill an hour in company drill, which is seven more hours. They form battalions and go on dress parade, and drill in battalions again, making drill for an hour and a half, making ten hours for the week.

All three drills together make for the soldiers drilling on the parade ground two days' steady marching out of the week they are here. But this is only a beginning of their duties. They go through the manual of arms at all times in their quarters, and you have to go through camp any hour that a squad in each company street is not found with some drill officer carrying them through the manual.

The Men on Duty.

During the week 210 privates have done sentinel duty. Twenty-one sergeants and twenty-one corporals have posted these sentinels and attended their calls. Seven captains and fourteen lieutenants have looked after the performances of the duties of the sergeants and corporals, as officers and non-commissioned men. The sergeants and corporals are selected by the captains of their companies, while the privates are selected by the former. Sentinels have to do duty for twenty-four hours, serving two hours at a time on post and resting four hours. After reviewing the duties the privates have performed, can any person say the men are not good? They are, a mimic "Trotty" boys joke and have fun when off duty. So do soldiers in war, and more than one veteran has heard say these boys don't know how to have fun like we used to. And who is it that has not sat interested and listened to the old soldiers tell their jokes and pranks played over their comrades? It's duty first here, as in war, then fun.

There were two important events which took place yesterday evening, the first of which Lieutenant Satterlee said was the first he ever heard of in volunteer military.

It was a lecture by the camp surgeon on the "First Aid to the Injured." He illustrated to the litter corps the methods of carrying the injured from the field, and showed them how to make litters out of rifles and blankets, and gave them instructions how to act in case there was only one bearer without a litter.

He wound up with the treatment of asphyxia from drowning, how to stop hemorrhage and artificial respiration, etc.

The Skirmish Drill.

For the purpose of demonstrating the skirmish drill under the new tactics Lieutenant Palmer had the regiments to go through it after dress parade last evening. It was very interesting and quite exciting. The soldiers were much pleased with the drill, and pronounced it greatly superior to the old order.

This has been a day set apart by the commanding officer for religious duties. All day in the camp were dispensed with, as other duty save guard mount at 5:30 o'clock this morning.

Dr. Abner D. Campbell, chaplain of the Americans Light Infantry, preached at the Baptist church at 11 o'clock this morning. The large auditorium was taxed to its uttermost to seat the congregation. The Americans company attended in body.

Dr. Campbell, a tall and eloquent speaker, taking his text from II Corinthians, 5, 17. His theme was the difference between the converted and unconverted man, dwelling principally on the distinguishing characteristics of the Christian. He closed the sermon with an earnest appeal to each one present to examine himself and see if he were this new creature. Dr. Campbell's sermon was received with great interest.

This afternoon a service was held in front of the regimental headquarters, his audience composed of soldiers and civilians, numbering at least 1,500. Like the morning sermon, Dr. Campbell was eloquent and forcible. His text was from Revelations, 7, 13-14.

At night, in the Baptist church, the regimental chaplain offered a prayer.

Services have been held in the camp quarters every night during the week. Each service has been well attended.

Notes.

At last night's services, in Baldwin Blues' quarters, one of the staff officers, hearing the singing, thought it some of the boys, and marched around whistling the air of the hymn most lustily.

The hospital was inspected late yesterday evening by Captain Smith, who complimented Camp Surgeon Gewinner on his condition and his management.

John Marion, alias John Wanamaker, the postmaster general of Camp Northern, has received many encomiums on his success as postmaster.

Private Shepherd, of the Southern Cadets, makes a capital sentinel. He was on duty yesterday evening, and the way he made encroachers stand their ground was amazing.

Lieutenant Palmer publicly complimented Acting Major Hardeman, of the Second battalion, on the steadiness of his men at parade rest yesterday evening on dress parade.

The officers of the volunteers are enthusiastic in their praise of the United States forces.

The Floyd Rifles.

The Floyd Rifles shot three more in the five-hundred-yard target shoot. This gives them third place, as only two other companies are in the competition.

Mrs. T. F. Jaegerster, wife of Quarter-master Jaegerster of the Quitman Guards, is in camp with him today.

Captain Sanford, the handsome commander of the Baldwin Blues, is somewhat of a poet. His best effort is "The Defeated Cavalier."

Several soldiers were waylaid and rocked by a crowd of drunken negroes while returning to camp last night. No one was hurt, but there would have been if those

soldiers could have gotten their hands on those negroes.

Private Harris, the funny man of the Columbus Guards, joined his command here this morning.

Mrs. E. L. Barnes and son have been the guests of the Milledgeville boys today. Mrs. Mason, of Milledgeville, is visiting her son, Private Mason, of the Blues, in the camp.

A private of the Columbus Guard was heard say this evening that he would like to stay in camp a month if his salary at home would go on.

All are looking forward to the approaching end of the encampment.

One of the officers said this morning The Constitution gave better reports of the camp life than any other paper and that he always went to The Constitution for the best and latest news.

Mr. Forsyth, Barnesville, Atlanta and Columbus have furnished many visitors to come today.

Rev. Dr. W. J. Wood preached to the Spalding Guards yesterday in the Presbyterian church, of Griffin. The company was out with a full complement of men, two guides and two lieutenants under the command of Captain T. J. Bailey, Jr. Dr. Wood held the close attention of the company and the congregation throughout the entire discourse.

He took the following text: "He did eat and drink and rose up and went his way." His theme was the folly of Esau in preferring the gratification of bodily appetite to securing the benefits of spiritual blessings. The speaker contrasted the earthly and eternal with the visible and transient.

The desires must be the servant not the master of the man. Every sacrifice of spiritual privilege must have its aftermath of bitterness. Better die a martyr to truth and righteousness than live the slave of appetites.

E. M. D.

HAVEN'T HAD A HANGING

In Many Years, but One Is Set for an Early Date.

Columbus, Ga., June 12.—(Special)—The sentencing of Cooper Smith, the negro rapist, to be hung Friday, July 22d, will be the fact that there has not been a hanging in this section for a long period of time. Smith's victim was a white woman, about ten years old. His guilt was clearly established. The attorneys of this human brute will make every consistent effort to save his neck, but those who heard the evidence predict that they will be unsuccessful.

It has been a long time since the death sentence was carried out in the good old county of Muscogee. On Friday the 2d day of July, 1858, James Thompson was legally put to death. The execution was public, and took place one mile east of the courthouse. There has been no legal hanging in this county since that time.

The condemned yesterday in the county of December, 1858, James Thompson murdered John Calhoun. The killing occurred between 11 and 12 o'clock at night, at a house on Front street, kept by Jane Wadsworth. Barbara Plymale, one of the mates, was the cause of the row.

Thompson was hanged on the American comic opera stage.

PRETTY OPERA GIRLS

They Were All Out on Rehearsal Yesterday.

MCOLLIN'S SINGERS AT EDGEWOOD

Ten Weeks of Splendid Operas for Atlanta Theater-Goers—They Begin with "Falka" Tomorrow Night.

The opera is the greatest thing out, after all.

No amusement is half so charming, no comedy half so side-splitting, no fun half so reckless, and yet so regaling as that which comes with the comic opera.

Music, merriment and fun—what more could the people of Atlanta desire with which to refresh their hearts and souls than weary midsummer nights such as this?

And sure it is, they are going to have it all in profusion before the summer is over with and the footlights flicker in the chill atmosphere of winter evenings yet once more.

Atlanta will be gay with comic opera this summer.

Any one who could have chanced to follow sweet strains of concord and melody to their source yesterday and intruded themselves upon the scene at Edgewood Avenue theater could have sworn to the statement just made.

There were dozens of pretty chorus girls all dyed out on the stage in their Sunday dresses of surpassing beauty, a half dozen dressers singing sweetly, running here and there piling for this and for that with telling effect tenor, bass, baritone, high soprano, all in one chiming chorus or single an entrancing solo.

MacCollin's superb opera company was

entertaining the audience in the auditorium all day.

There were the well known Fannie D. Hall and May Cassidy, first and second prima donnas respectively; J. Lisle Apple, the favorite tenor; H. Burrows, the baritone; Frank Pearson, the deep-sounding basso, and May Leyton, high soprano, all in one chiming chorus or single an entrancing solo.

Rehearsing Falka.

The operas singers were rehearsing Falka, the well known opera with which they are to open their week engagement in Atlanta tomorrow night at Edgewood Avenue theater.

MacCollin this year has a strong company of opera players.

He has four comedians led by himself and H. W. Leonard. Their comic antics and bright witty pieces on the stage would make a preacher or a sober judge laugh until their sides ached.

The cast is as follows to be presented by MacCollin and his troupe tomorrow night:

Folbach, Military Governor of Montgrat-A. E. P. Folbach, his nephew, Usher in the School-House.

Arthur (student), Son of Rich Hungarian Father—J. L. Apple.

Ray-Brooks, Police Doorkeeper of the Governor's Page—Harry W. Leonard.

Konrad, Captain of the Governor's Pages—Miss Edie Taylor.

Member of the Patrol—Mr. J. High Boboky, Texian Scout—Mr. H. Page.

Boleman, Chief of the Texians—Mr. Frank Pearson.

Genschael, Folbach's Steward—Mr. W. Wachuske.

Falka, Niece of Folbach, at the Convent School—Miss Fannie D. Hall.

Member of the Boleslas—Miss May Leyton.

Alexia de Kellkirsch, a Young Heiress—Miss Mabel Cassidy.

Mina, Her Maid—Miss Little Hall.

Jintha, Landlady of the Inn—Miss Kitty Holden.

About the General Make Up.

The chorus comprises twenty-six people, and it is said to be far above the average comic opera chorus. Mr. Al Henderson, the musical director, will conduct the productions musically assisted by a splendid orchestra composed of ten pieces.

In speaking with the clever and eloquent conductor, Mr. MacCollin, last night, he said: "My experience has always been to work to please the people and give them a clear-cut and smooth performance, and in this way you make friends. I assure you, that continued in his imitative style, "that our company will be a revelation in the business, and it is our intention to give your people summer amusements at popular prices."

Handsome Costumes.

The costumes of the company are perfectly gorgeous and brand new. They are simply beautiful and were purchased at the immense cost of \$35,000.

There is nothing small, nothing shabby about them. They are made with the same care as costumes for many of the grand operas are made, and will certainly enable this excellent company to show off all the best.

Mr. Kleibacker, the manager of the company, is sanguine that a handsome business will result for the full ten weeks of their engagement, "because," says he, "it is the opera company that will please the people."

AN ELEGANT FLAG

The Ladies Present the Greene Rifles with a Stand of Colors.

Greensboro, Ga., June 12.—(Special)—Friday night, at the hall of the Thomas Stocks institute, the ladies of Greensboro presented the Greene Rifles with a costly and elegant stand of colors.

The presentation was made by Miss Freda Gandy, one of our loveliest and most popular young ladies. She was attended by Misses Essie Johnson, Jessie Wilson, May Goodwin and Janette Carter as maid of honor. John and Anna Jones and Anna Lewis as flower girls. The ceremony was a very happy one for the Rifles, being the fruition of a long desire for company colors.

Miss Gandy, in a speech, said: "I am a pretty girl, but could see no one. The moon shone brightly and it was a very unfavorable night for burglars, which fact makes the act more daring."

He went back into the room to retire, and very soon the same noise was heard at the window, as if someone were trying to enter. He again arose and took a look outside with his gun as he opened the door was fired upon by a murderous villain from behind a large oak tree. He returned the fire, and again the villain discharged his pistol, and again and again, making four shots from behind the tree, the show being over, he fled.

Fortunately neither of the four shots hit him, but could not get hold of him. Finally he called to his son, Walter, to bring another gun. While the gun was being brought from the room the fellow ran and got hold of the door from the outside.

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A REGIMENTAL SCANDAL.

An Interesting Story of Army Life Narrated by Conan Doyle.

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It was a very painful business. I don't think that any of us have forgotten it or are at all likely to. The morality of the Third Carabiniers was as loose as their discipline was tight, and if a man rode straight and was keen on soldiering he might work out his private record to his own mind. But still there is a limit to what even such a thorough-going old sportsman as the colonel would stand, and that limit was passed on the instant that there was a breath of suspicion about play at the card table.

Take the mess through, they had ridden through the decoupage as gaily as through Amb's guns at Kassassin. Fortunately they had made free with other men's lives. But the unwritten laws of honor lay unbroken amid the shattered commandments. They were short and sharp, and wroth to the man who transgressed them. Sporting debts must be paid. There was no such thing as a white feather above all, a man must play fair. It was a simple code of ethics, but it commanded an absolute obedience which might have been refused to a more elaborate system.

If there was one man in the mess who could be held up by the youngsters as the embodiment of honor it was Major Errington. He was older than the chief, and having served twice as a volunteer correspondent and once as a military attaché, he had been shot over by Berdan's and Mamlicher repeaters, which seemed to us a much more gaudy thing than Jezebel or even Egyptian Remington. We had all done Egypt and we had all done the Soudan, but when he would begin his modest little after-mess anecdotes with "I remember when Gourko crossed the Balkans," or "I was riding beside the red prince's staff just two days before Gravelot," we would feel quite ashamed of our poor "Fuzzies" and "Pathans," and yearn to replace the foreign office by a committee of subalterns of the Carabiniers, all pledged to a spirit of pugnacity.

Their major was so humble and gentle with it all. That was his only fault as a soldier. He could fight—none better—but he could not be stern. No matter how serious the crime of the defaulter who was brought before him, and no matter how resolutely he might purse up his features into a frown, there was still something so very human, always drawing from his eyes that the most determined observer could not but feel that this, instead of being a commanding officer, was only a man and a brother. Though far the richest man in the regiment, for he had ample private means, he lived always in the simplest fashion. Some even set him down as parsimonious, and blamed him for it. But most of us saw in him only another example of the major's delicacy which made him fear to make others feel poor by showing himself rich. It was no wonder that he was popular. We subalterns worshipped him, and it was to him that we bought all those tiffs and bickerings and misunderstandings which need a little gentle wisdom to set them aright. He would sit patiently, with his cheroot resting from the corner of his mouth and his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, listening to our tales, and then would come the quiet, "I think you ought to withdraw the expression, Jones," or, "Under the circumstances you were quite justified, Hall," which settled the matter forever.

If we had been told that the chief had had burgle the regimental plate or that the chaplain had invited the secularist sergeant major to tea, we should have been less astonished than at the rumor that Major Errington had been guilty of anything which was dishonorable.

It came about in this way: The chief was a born plunger. Horses, cards, dice, they were all the same to him. He would bet on, or he would bet against, give the odds or take them, but bet he would. It was all very well as long as he stuck to stalling points and half crown rubs at whist, or made his little book upon the regimental cup; but when he took to American railway script, and laid out all his savings on 7 per cent bonds which were selling at sixty-two, he started a game where the odds are all on the bank and the dealer sits somewhere near Wall street. It was no use telling the old man that Monte Carlo was a sound family investment in comparison. He held on grimly until the inevitable came round. The line was stretched by a big capitalist, who wished to buy it, and our chief was left on the very edge of a bankrupt's court, uncertain from week to week how long it might be before he would need to send in his papers. He said nothing, for he was proud as Lucifer; but he looked blearily about the eyes in the morning, and his tunic did not fit him quite as tight as it used to. Of course, we were very sorry for the poor old chief, but we were sadder still for his daughter, Violet. We were all in love with Violet Lovell, and her grief was a blight to the regiment. She wasn't such a pretty girl, either, but she was fresh and bright and sprightly as an English spring, and so sweet, and good, and sympathetic, that she was just the type of womanhood for all of us. She was one of those girls about whom, when once you come to know them, you never think whether they are pretty or not. You only know that it pleases to be near them, to see their happy faces, to hear their voices, and to have life made sweeter and more beautiful by their presence. That was how we all felt towards Violet—from the old major to the newly-joined subaltern, with a brand new razors case upon his dressing table. So when that bright face clouded over as the shadow of her father's troubles fell upon it, we clouded over also, and the mess of the Carabiniers sank into a state from which even the caterer's Dente and Gunderman of '81 was unable to release it.

The major was the most stricken of all. I think that he took the whole matter to heart even more than the colonel did, although it had been against his sense of duty that these cursed bonds had been bought. He was an old friend of the chief, and he knew that the disgrace of bankruptcy would be the old man's death blow; but he was fonder still of the chief's daughter—none of us ever knew how much so, for he was a shy, silent man, and, in his English fashion, hid away his emotions as if they were shameful vices. Yet, with all his care, we got a little peep at his heart, if only through his gray eyes when he looked at her, and we knew that he was very fond of our Violet.

The chief used to go to his own room after mess, and whoever wished was welcome to follow him there. Major Errington always went, and the two would play cards by the hour, while we others made a four of whist, or smoked and looked on. It was worth looking at, too. The chief was a very fine ecarte player, and they were doing all they knew, for they had taken to playing high points. Of course, the chief, bankrupt or no, was

upon the table. The major stood perfectly composed, but a trifle paler than usual. "I observe that there was a card there, sir," he said. "But surely you do not mean to insinuate that?"

The colonel threw his hand down upon the table.

"It's not the first time," said he.

"Do you imagine that I would take an unfair advantage of you?"

"Why, I saw you slip that card from the pack—saw it with my own eyes."

"You should have known me better after twenty years," said Major Errington, gently. "I say, sir, you should have known me better and that you should have been less ready to come to such a conclusion. I have the honor to wish you a good evening, sir," he bowed very gravely and coldly and walked from the room.

But he had hardly closed the door when the curtains at the other end, which separated the card room from the little recess where Miss Lovell was pouring out our coffee, were opened, and she stepped through. She had not a thought for any of us, but walked straight up to her chair.

"I couldn't help hearing you, dad," said she. "I am sure that you have done him a cruel injustice."

"I have done him no injustice. Captain Austen, you were watching. You will bear me out."

"Yes, sir, I saw the whole affair. I not only saw the card taken out which was that he discarded from his hand. It was this one." He leaned forward and turned up the top card.

"That one!" shouted the chief; why, that's the king of trumps."

"So it is."

"But who in his senses would discard the king of trumps; what did he exchange? He turned up the card on the table. It was an eight. He whistled and prised his fingers through his hair."

"He weakened his hand," said he.

"What was the meaning of that?"

"The meaning is that he was trying to lose, dad."

"Upon my word, sir, now that I come to think of it I am convinced that Miss Lovell is perfectly correct," said Captain Austen. "What would explain why he suggested high points, when he played such a vile game, and my wife found that he had such good cards in his hand that he could not help winning, he thought himself justified in getting rid of some of them. For some reason or other he was trying to lose."

"Good Lord!" groaned the colonel. "What can I say to put matters straight?" and he made for the door.

And so our little scandal in the Carabiniers was brought to an honorable end, for all came out as it had been surmised. Ever since the colonel's financial misfortunes his comrade's one thought had been to convey him to safety, but finding it absolutely impossible to do it directly, he had tried it by means of the card table. Finding his efforts continually foiled by the run of good cards in his hands he had broken our usual calm by his clumsy attempts to weaken himself. However, American railway bonds are up to 87 now, owing to the providential death of the American millionaire, and Miss Lovell is perfectly correct," said Captain Austen. "What would explain why he suggested high points, when he played such a vile game, and my wife found that he had such good cards in his hand that he could not help winning, he thought himself justified in getting rid of some of them. For some reason or other he was trying to lose."

"It's perfectly correct," said Captain Austen. "All I ask is that you test the matter for yourself tonight, and that tomorrow we all meet again here at this hour, and that you let these gentlemen know what you think them."

"They have nothing to do with it." "Excuse me, Captain Austen, they have everything to do with it. You used an expression to me a few moments ago in their presence, and you must withdraw it in their presence also. I shall tell them what the matter was about, and then—" "Not a word!" cried Austen angrily. "Don't dare to repeat such a libel!"

"Just as you like, but in that case you must agree to my conditions." "Well, I'll do it. I'll watch tonight, and I'll meet you here tomorrow; but I warn you, young Peterkin, that when I have shown up this mare's nest of yours the regiment will be too hot to hold you!" He stalked out of the room in a passion, while Peterkin chuckled to himself and began to practice the spot stroke, deaf to our questions as to what was the matter.

We were all there to keep our appointment next day. Peterkin had nothing to say, but there was a twinkle in his little, sharp eyes, especially when Austen came in with a very crest-fallen expression upon his face.

"Well," said he, "if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I should never have believed it, never! Peterkin, I withdraw what I said yesterday. You were right. By G—, to think that an officer of this regiment should stoop so low!"

"It's a bad business," said Peterkin. "It was only by chance I noticed it."

"It's a good thing you did. We must have a public exposure."

"If it's a matter affecting the honor of any fellow in the mess it would surely be best to have Major Errington's opinion," said Hartridge.

Austen laughed bitterly. "You fellows may as well be told," said he. "There's no use in any mystification. Major Errington is as you may know, been playing high stakes at cards with the chief. He has been seen on two evenings in succession, first by Peterkin and then by me, to hide cards and so strengthen his hand after dealing. Yes, yes, you may say what you like, but I tell you that I saw it with my own eyes. You know how short-sighted the chief is. Errington did it in the most bare-faced way, when he thought no one was looking. I shall speak to the chief about it. I consider it to be my duty."

"You had better all come tonight," said Peterkin, "but don't sit near the table, or pretend to be watching. Six witnesses will surely be enough to settle it."

"Sixty won't make me believe it," said Hartridge.

Austen shrugged his shoulders. "Well, you must believe your own eyes, I suppose. It's an awkward thing for a few subalterns to bring such a charge against a senior major of twenty years' service. But the chief shall be warned and he may take such steps as he thinks best. It's been going on too long, and tonight should finish it for good and all."

So that night we were all in the colonel's room, when the card table was pushed forward and the two seniors sat down to their ease as usual. We others sat around the fire with a keen eye on the players. The colonel's face was about two shades redder than usual and his stiff hair bristled up, as it would when he was angry. Austen, too, look ruffled. It was clear that he had told the chief, and that the chief had not taken it very sweetly.

"What points?" asked the major.

"Pounded a game, as before."

"Pounded a trick if you like," suggested the major.

"Very good. A pound a trick?" The chief put on his monocle and shot a keen questioning glance at his antagonist. The major had the better of the game.

The first three games were fairly even. The major held the better cards, but the chief played the finer game. The fourth game and deal had come round to the major again, and as he laid the pack down he spread his elbows out so as to screen his hands from us. Austen gave his neighbor a nudge and we all craned our necks. A hand whisked over the pack and Peterkin smiled.

The chief played a knave and the major took it with a queen. As he put forward his hand to pick up the trick the colonel sprang suddenly out of his chair with an oath.

"Lift up your sleeve, sir," he cried; "by G—, you have a card under it!"

The major had sprung up also, and his chair toppled backwards onto the floor.

We were all on our feet, but neither of the men had a thought for us. The colonel leaned forward with his thick red finger upon a card which lay face downwards

upon the table. The major stood perfectly composed, but a trifle paler than usual. "I observe that there was a card there, sir," he said. "But surely you do not mean to insinuate that?"

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ATLANTA, GA., June 13, 1892.

Wall Street Politics.

We admire the check of some of the New York brokers. They are making a bold fight to hold financial matters just as they are. The game is going just to suit them, and they hope to handle all the political parties just as they want to.

Messrs. J. S. Bach & Co., who daily send out by wire from New York to bucket shops throughout the country a report on the stock market, occasionally inject a little politics in their stock letter. On Saturday they sent their regular letter, which was printed in Sunday's Constitution, and we find in it the following politeness:

The estimation of Mr. Harrison was favorably received, and his well-known views on the silver question had a reassuring effect. The plank in the platform on finance was considered an evasion of the real question, and it is a pity that the republican party did not face the issue and come out squarely and honestly. The plank is framed in such a way as to satisfy all contending interests and leave a loophole for argument's sake.

It is the truth and just what all sensible people know, but we are surprised to find this Wall street firm willing to admit it. These gentlemen will find before the end of the year, that what is popular on the street in New York is not popular with the voters of the country, and every day this fact is becoming more apparent throughout the land.

The people want the free coinage of silver, and they want the metal restored to its former place in the currency, where it was before the republican party fraudulently and ruthlessly demonetized it, and they will not consult the wishes of Wall street brokers in putting it back.

As to the course of the republican party, it is in keeping with its past record. It admitted in the campaign of 1888 that the war tariff needed reforming, but said the republican party must do it, and pledged the party to do it as soon as it was restored to power again. When the restoration came the republicans reformed the tariff with a vengeance. They passed the McKinley bill and increased the duties on half the articles imported. After such duplicity and down-right deception, we are asked to believe that they will do what is right about silver, and their own people say in advance to the public, that it is all false and put in the platform to fool the people. And we are sorry to admit that these brokers are doing all they can to make the democratic party appear before the people in just as ridiculous a light.

A Suggestive Pointer.

The Boston Herald recalls the fact that about forty years ago, on the night following the nomination of General Scott for the presidency, Daniel Webster, who had been defeated, was serenaded in Washington, and in response to a call simply said that he should rise in the morning with the lark, and, though the lark was the better singer, yet he would greet the purple east as jocund, as gratified and as satisfied as that bird.

At this season of blooming bulletin boards and rapidly ripening ballots, the reproduction of Webster's speech is timely. Just how much of the immortal Daniel's cheerfulness was due to philosophy, and how much was the result of looking upon the wine when it was red in the cup, it is difficult to determine, but the speech is a model one, all the same, and we commend it to disappointed candidates everywhere.

Defeat loses its sting, and the victors enjoy less of a triumph, when the vanquished man can face the world with the unruffled serenity of a Webster.

The Republican Silver Plank.

The republican silver plank is intended to deceive the people. It is a straddle which means nothing—a piece of grinning hypocrisy that ought to be revolting to all honest people. The platform declares in terms that the republican party is in favor of bimetallism; that it wants gold, silver and paper dollars to be at all times equal to each other; that it is in favor of both gold and silver as standard money. This means, if any particular meaning can be got out of the jumble, that the republican party is in favor of bimetallism if to the silver dollar that is now at par with gold there be added 30 cents' worth of bullion. That is the Wall street programme—that is the republican programme.

The platform also falls back on the hypocritical project for an international monetary conference, which is to be held in the air until after the election. The idea of an international conference for the purpose of deciding what sort of currency the people of the United States shall employ is the wildest freak imaginable. It is an invention of the agents of British banks in New York, and it is put forward in the most solemn manner whenever the free coinage discussion threatens to disturb the situation. Mr. Cleveland fell into the trap, but the agent whom he employed to look into the matter, Mr. Edward Atkinson, saw the futility of the scheme, and made it perfectly plain in his report.

The Latin union is made the excuse for the scheme; but the Latin union is composed of various governments contiguous to each other, and covering an area not as large as that occupied by the new England states, and the purpose of the union is to give to the subsidiary coin of each government a legal tender value in the other governments, just as the United

States government at one time imparted a legal tender value to the French crown and 5 franc pieces. The Latin union is merely the result of neighboring governments conferring legal tender value in concert on the subsidiary silver currency issued by each.

The whole idea of an international conference so far as the United States are concerned is a sham and a fraud and intended to be such. There was no international conference when silver was demonetized, and there will be none when it is remonetized. The people will finally have their way about this matter, and the politicians will fall who try to prevent them. The conference is not proposed by those who desire bimetallism, but by those who are in favor of the single gold standard. We have already made it clear in these columns why the European nations would refuse to enter into any arrangements with a government which is buying silver at the lowest market rate and storing the depreciated bullion. The Sherman law not only stands in the way of the sham conference, but it is causing the fall in the price of silver which has had such a depressing effect on all our commodities which find a market abroad.

The republican silver plank sits Wall street and the money power, for it serves notice on those grasping and greedy interests that the "grand old party" and its leaders are still faithful to the terms and purposes of the great conspiracy to rob the producers of the country and those who are unfortunate enough to owe a debt. Judge Hughes of Virginia, hits the nail squarely on the head when he declares: "We hear daily of the dishonesty of the seventy-cent dollar which indicates the price of the people's crops. We hear nothing of the dishonesty of the dollar-and-a-half banking dollar, which indicates the value of the coupon crops of the bondholders."

The case is made worse by the republican plank. Although the silver dollar is at par with the gold dollar, yet the party indirectly places it on a par with silver bullion and practically pledges itself to add 30 cents' worth of silver to the standard dollar. This is the plan and the purpose of the republicans, acting in concert with Wall street and the goldolators.

A High Compliment.

We printed yesterday from several cities in the state the views of several leading business men on the projected reorganization of the Terminal property. These views are voluntary. We instructed our correspondents to inquire about the feeling, and as with one voice they all say it is very much desired by our people.

It is a decided compliment to Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co. and shows very clearly the reputation this house has among the business men for integrity and fair dealing. They may expect in their efforts for this great property the hearty co-operation of our conservative business men.

Our New English.

In a book entitled "Good English for Beginners," Mr. Haslam warns students against Scott, Macaulay, Thackeray and Dickens. He declares that the style of these famous writers is vicious, and points out some of their faults. Dickens's sentence, "That visitor was Betsy Frigg," Mr. Haslam would transform into, "That visitor was no less a personage than Betsy Frigg."

Evidently, the author of "Good English for Beginners" is an apostle of our modern school of culture. The new English employed by writers of the Haslam clique is a jargon of sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. It is indirect, vague and misleading, and lacks the pith and point, the clearness and the force so characteristic of the writers of a few generations ago.

The jargon of culture spoils many a good saying, and many a good story, and robs many a noble thought of its strength. The simple, direct style and the plain English of Swift and DeFoe are far superior to the slushy Miss Nancy driven off by her mother.

According to the Marquis de Fontenoy, two of the greatest writers in Europe at the present moment are the czar of Russia and the prince of Wales. The number of their readers and the amount of food consumed at each of these are enough to starve ordinary mortals. The prince of Wales, for instance, after a first light meal on arising, eats an enormous breakfast, an equally copious lunch following at 2 o'clock. At 5 or 6 o'clock there is a kind of tea, that is to say, it is tea only in name, part of the repast menu. Dr. Buchanan, after years of happy married life, procured a divorce from his wife, and not long afterward married a woman of wealth. In a little while the second wife died, leaving him all her property, and very soon thereafter the doctor remarried his divorced wife. This remarriage, when reported in the New York World, was publicly denied. The paper proceeded to investigate the case, and not only proved the report true, but unearthed other evidence that has led to the arrest of the doctor for making away with his second wife.

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SWAMP

THE TEMPLES OF GOD

an Old Setting
Day and a Large At-
tendance

THE CHURCHES IN ATLANTA.

Services at All of Them—Who Preached the Sermons and the Texts They Selected.

the beautiful summer day brought out every one and all the churches were

Christian Church.

After the hallelujah, the invocation and impressive song, "Sowing the Seeds," Mr. Williamson made a sermon fit in the reading, especially the forcible

spirit. A pure heart meant a pure life, and a heart that was full of the world was sure to make the actions of men conform to the ways of the flesh, and to make them follow sin unto death. It was a sermon rich with wisdom and practical truth, and no idea of its power can possibly be given in a mere synopsis. The music by the choir was excellent.

The First Methodist.
A large congregation heard Rev. J. B. Robins deliver an eloquent sermon at the First Methodist church last night.

Most of the moral temptations that constantly beset man, it was not always the glaring bold and open temptations that accomplish the most evil or work the greatest damage to the human mind and temper. It is the half-veiled allurement that woos most successfully, and leads to man's downfall and spiritual death.

The speaker discussed some of the things that done unconsciously and with no knowledge of the result, lead to the commission of sins by man.

After discussing the best methods of resistance, the speaker reminded his hearers that the ultimate triumph and reward caused the world over trials incident to a life of moral and religious rectitude to shrink into insignificance.

At the Central Presbyterian.

Rev. G. B. Strickler delivered a strong and effective discourse at the Central Presbyterian yesterday morning. His text was taken from John 3:18.

After a few introductory remarks, showing the connection in which the text was used, Dr. Strickler stated that his proposition to speak on the privilege of salvation. He put out in a lucid manner, the manner in which the scriptures direct us to perform good works.

The highest kind of good that is possible to finite beings, is as far as we know, to infinite beings. Man is privileged to do good works, and the reward of these good works, happiness for which every one instinctively yearns. Another, and one of the most cogent reasons for doing good, is that it exalts and edifies.

The doctor, in conclusion, spoke of the eternal reward that awaits the portion of a Christian life.

A large crowd filled the ceremonial auditorium of the Christian church yesterday morning and listened to a profound and interesting discourse from the pastor, Rev. C. P. Williamson.

The offertory and music by the choir was beautifully rendered and was a special feature of the morning service. The subject of the discourse, which had the profound attention of the congregation, was the fundamental lessons from the life of Christ, and he based it upon the words of scripture found in the New Testament.

The two fundamental lessons, however, taught by the pastor were: 1st, That Christ was God and came to us to teach us; 2d, That Christ was God and taught us to know God and worship God.

Around these central truths the pastor's discourse was built up, and he spoke of the great work of his sermon, speaking of Christ's compassion for men and how, in His love, He came to teach men how to live.

He bowed, saying: "It is finished." His sermon was finished. His heart was broken. He had suffered. His heart was agonized. He agonized. He died. His Father said: "It is enough; come home."

Christ came to save men, and from that point until that of the last sentence, in the earnest prayer, "As we love him, so let us love our neighbor," this sermon must be read to the hearts of the hearers, and especially that hearer who, at the close, cast out fear. Love is better than fear.

At St. Philip's.

Mr. Tupper preached from Genesis 1:26: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness."

It is Trinity Sunday, and the church abhors a doctrine or truth in matters of religion, and does not commemorate an event, as at other times.

He told us in what manner God created man. In the formation of all other things God merely exercised His own sovereign power, but in the creation of man He took into account the utterance of the earth, "Let there be lights in the firmament of the sky; and let the waters bring forth," in the creation of man we behold the largeness of creation: "Let us make man."

He addressed the Son and the Holy Ghost, and said: "What lack we?"

The main idea, the speaker said, that he desired to convey was the common lack of divine qualities required on the part of every creature, especially man, in creation, who is the highest order of His creation. He instances the analogies of nature and human nature. This is a downy nature's handiwork, as an illustration. There is a fine runner and a fine base runner, and the handiwork there is the wretched and stately temple. The workman is to be the masterpiece of divine wisdom and power, and whose relation to his individual and moral nature is to be in exact proportion to the sanctification which is contrived from the merely animal creation. The speaker dwelt upon traits in nature, art and religion, which raise man's mind to the highest order of His creation.

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SARGE PLUNKETT.

The Old Man Taking Lessons in Journalism.

THE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT TRUTH,

Is the Thing to Be Desired in Reporting for Newspapers, Is the Impression Stamped in His First Lesson.

All men are liars naturally, and what's in the bone is more than apt to come out in the flesh, is my notion.

Proper training—education—makes us virtuous in this respect, and so some of my friends advised that I should take a big dose of training, for the impression has got some way that I am a terrible liar. I know that I have made that impression, for folks have told me so, and the managing editor has received letters to that effect. I know that it is a mistaken notion, for I don't tell lies—they are mistakes. However, in order to be perfect in accuracy, I took a trip a few days ago with a most excellent and trained gentleman, Mr. A. M. W.

Folks say that it is as easy for him to tell the truth as it is for me to tell a lie, and that is the reason I selected him for my teacher in the art of writing facts—truth.

We started out in good spirits, both enthused in the object—he to teach and I to learn.

I saw at once that he was on his "p's" and "q's" to set me the best example possible, and I kept my eyes and ears open from the very start.

I don't know why it was, but he took the first opportunity of a private conversation to impress upon me that total abstinence was the foundation of truthful reporting—he emphasized this "very foundation rock." He said:

"Plunkett, on our trip I am sure that we will be invited to look upon the wine when it is red."

"Yes," said I, "m'n'ap."

"And brandy peaches?"

"M'n'ap."

"And brandy cherries?"

"M'n'ap."

"Touch not, taste not, handle not," said he, as my lips smacked together and my mouth watered. "This," he went on, "is the very foundation stone for a new beginner to build upon—the very foundation."

I should have remembered this conversation without his once and awhile bringing it up again, but he seemed to think it necessary to do so at every vineyard we stopped at on the way—and he did it so cutely:

"The foundation stone is what?" he would ask.

"Total abstinence," was my answer. "An apt scholar. Right; the very foundation—the foundation rock," he whirled, in an absent-minded way, as he pulled up the reins and we stopped at the gate of one Thomas Speights, who has a great reputation for making blackberry wine.

"The very foundation," muttered my teacher, as Mrs. Speights opened her door and invited us in.

On the glistening, glistening wine! It was! It did sparkle, though it was!

As I entered, my eyes were filled to the brim, And A. M. W. took "notes" with a vim;

My mouth fairly watered, but I thought with a shock—

Or the very foundation—the foundation rock."

I kept my eyes open and was convinced that the sight before us did not tempt him—so much for training. I had not arrived at such perfection as yet, for every moment the wine was scoring points against me, but the manifest interest, the disinterested spirit that my teacher showed in the goodness of his heart to instruct me right—exactly right—gave me strength while in his presence, but a little later on when he and Mrs. Speights had occasion to go into another room, taking pains to tell me to keep my seat, I fell. "I'll steal a morsel on them," was my thought at once. I crept to the table, fully resolved that I was not cut out for the business.

I sat down on one of the sparkling glasses and crept to the door, to see that I was not caught, and lo, and behold, when I pooped I caught A. M. W. in the act of raising a glass to his mouth! It stunned me and I stumbled. The fangs I made brought his attention and he was the most dignified individual I ever looked upon as he came towards me, wiping his mouth with his hankerchief, muttering his mouth with his hankerchief, muttering.

"Sweet, very sweet; no harm in good sweet cider." And then he put down in his "notes" something about sweet cider one year old, fresh and nice. I guess it was sweet cider, I know it was, but it was a pretty color. My notion is—I cannot lie since my training—that a full-fledged newspaper man can take indulgences in private that would be entirely out of place in the presence of new beginners.

My friend never made any more misstatements upon my predisposition to drink. He got right down to business in a practical way to teach me how to report facts—truth, and he says now—he told me yesterday—that I was the apitest scholar he ever saw.

"Never allow an untruth to slip into your 'notes,'" said he. "Watch closely your informants and see that they stick to facts."

"Facts, facts, facts," he muttered, as we drove up to the gate of the Rev. Sanford Smith. Mr. Smith was full of facts and A. M. W. will give them to the Constitution readers in his masterly way.

While my friend was interviewing Mr. Smith I sauntered off and got a little information on my own hook in regard to the healthfulness of the section west of Atlanta.

As I sauntered along, picking a blackberry here and there, I met one of the most dried-up little men imaginable. As I learned afterwards, this dried-up fellow is ninety-six years old, but when I first met him he was crying and sobbing the same as a spoilt schoolboy. It touched me to see so old a man crying like a child and it followed behind him for some little distance, intending to interview him on the healthfulness of the section. I never overtook that old fellow, though, but pretty soon I met an older and more dried-up old fellow than the first, and striking up a conversation with this one I was astonished to learn that he was the father of the first. I further learned that this old father was the cause of the other's crying—he treated his son abominably. I have been used to see fathers treat very small children.

I asked the old father why the crying, and he answered that the young scamp didn't want to draw a bucket of water for his grandfather. The answer stunned me, but it gave me a good idea of the healthfulness of the section without any talking.

"I spanked him good," said the old father—and thus his crying.

The young man was ninety-six. The father was twenty-five years older and I

don't know how old the grandfather might be.

Now, when a reporter gets such facts as these to put down in his notebook it is a sweet morsel, but ordinarily the people do not want facts, is another one of my notions. Especially do I think that a person interviewed will never grumble—particularly if the "notes" compliment him. But you chance to be a little uncomplimentary and they will jump on you with both feet—you'll catch thunder. The newspaper men, I learn, have what they call a journalistic prerogative—a professional lassitude, as it were. It's a secret, a sort of office or professional secret, but I will tell you how they manage to get along as well as they do, it's a fact.

All reporters are allowed by professional ethics to add to or subtract from the statements they gather. For instance, if I were to interview some people in the goodness of the month I would subtract certain per cent of his income, but if I were to interview a grand old southerner on the goodness of the south I would touch it up a good per cent—I would add to it. The trained newspaper man has a professional right, I learn, to size up a fellow, and some of them have a methodical way of doing so. For instance, A. M. W. is what might be called a man of figures—for figures don't lie. He has a method that grades thusly and uses his professional discretion as to whether he subtructs or adds to:

Newspaper men at par.

The average farmer 50 per cent.

Politician and lawyer 100 per cent.

Preachers in active service let 'em alone.

Now the above table simplifies reporting. These per cents can be added to or subtracted from at discretion of the reporter in proportion to their respective earnings.

Did you ever have to "wait" at meal-time when you was a child?

It used to mighty common in old times and is yet in common, I can say now, that was the most trying thing that ever came across my childhood path.

Many was the time I had to wait till the company was through eating before I could go to the table, and there is no telling how many black marks I have against me in consequence. I have stood and watched through the chinks in the old dining room and have seen reach after reach made for the chicken dish until I wished there were no churches, no preachers and never any company. The "grace" seemed so long, and the dishes were relieved of their savory loads so fast that I would grit my teeth and turn black with rage—turning blacker and blacker and gritting my teeth the harder every time I would hear that oft-repeated invitation:

"Have some more—do have some more." I fairily boiled over every time they reached out. I thought my parents were fools; I felt wicked; I would shake my fist and jump up and down and use every mean word that I was then acquainted with.

Many was the time I had to make children wait; it waited on us the day of our trip and that is the only thing that marred the pleasure.

No grown-up person would look at my face that trip and judge him to be a big eater. But children can tell—they study these eaters, I think—they have to wait. Where we stopped for dinner the children looked mighty sad—a shadow fell over their countenances as soon as they sized my friend up. I agree with them now, since I seed him lay away one meal, but I didn't know it before—didn't suspect it.

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CHRISTIAN ARMOR.

M. Talmage's Sermon to Those Who Have Recently

RESOLVED TO LEAD BETTER LIVES.

The Earnest, Hard Work to Be Done—Abstain from All Fornications Association—Select Good Company.

Brooklyn, June 12.—(Special).—Dr. Talmage prefaced his sermon this morning with a statement to the effect that he would sail on Wednesday next for Europe and might be able to be present at the distribution in the famine-stricken districts of Russia of The Christian Herald relief cargo, consisting of 3,000,000 pounds of flour and other supplies which goes out this week on the steamship Leo, chartered for the purpose. He congratulated the American people on the generous spirit evinced by this magnificent gift to the starving people. His sermon was from the text, Ephesians 6:11: "Put on the whole armor of God."

There is in this text a great rattle of shields, and helmets, and swords. Soldiers are getting ready for battle. We have had recently in this church new commitments and I shall address myself to those in this and other churches who are putting on the armor of God, and who may feel themselves to be as yet only raw recruits. "Masterly retreat" is a term often used in military circles, but in religion there is no such thing. It is either glorious advance or disgraceful and ignominious falling back. It would be a strange thing if all our anxiety about man ceased the moment they were converted. You would almost doubt the sanity of that farmer who having planted the corn and seen it sprout just above the ground, should say: "My work is all done. I have no more anxiety for the field." No, there is work for the plow and the hoe, and there must be a careful keeping up of the fences, and there must be a frightening away of the birds that would pillage the field. And I say the entrance upon Christian life is only the implantation of grace in the heart. There is earnest hard work yet to be done, and perhaps many years of anxiety before there shall be heard the glorious shout of "Harvest home." The beginning to be a Christian is only putting down the foundation; but after that there are years of hammering, polishing, carving, before the structure is completed. It takes five years to make a Christian character; it takes twenty years; it takes forty years; it takes seventy years, if a man dying after half a century of Christian experience feels that he has only learned the "A B C's" of a glorious alphabet. The next year will decide a great deal in your history, young Christian man. It will decide whether you are to be a burning and shining light of the church, or a spark of grace confined in a barrel of ashes. It will decide whether you are to be a strong man in Christ Jesus, with gigantic blows striking the iron wall of darkness or a bedwarped, whining, grumbling soldier, that ought to be dragged out of the Lord's camp with the "Bogies March." You have only been launched; the voyage is to be made. Earth and heaven and hell are watching to see how fast you will sail, how well you will weather the tempest, and whether at last amid the shouting of the angels, you shall come into the right harbor. May God help me this morning to give you three or four words of Christian counsel, as I address myself more especially to those who have just now entered the Christian life.

My first word of counsel is hold before you a very high moral model. Do not say, "I wish I could pray like that man, or speak like that man, or have the consecration of this one." Say "Here is the Lord Jesus Christ, a perfect pattern. By him I mean with God's grace, to shape all my life." In other words you will never be any more a Christian than you strive to be. If you will build a foundation, you will have a large house. If you will build only a middling Christian you will only be a middling Christian. If you have no high aspiration in a worldly direction you will never succeed in business. If you have no high aspiration in religious things you will never succeed in religion. You have a right to aspire to the very highest style of Christian character. From the first few reaches out a path of Christian attainment which you may take, and I deliberately say that you may be a better man than was Paul, or David, or Summfield, or Dodd, or Charles, Elizabeth, &c. Why not? Did they have a monopoly of Christian grace? Did they have a private key to the secret house of God's mercy? Does God shut you out from the gladness and goodness to which they were introduced? Oh, no. You have just the same promises, just the same Christ, just the same Holy Ghost, just the same offer of salvation, and everlasting love, and if you do not come up to the point which they reached and go beyond it—it is not because Christ has shut you out from any point of moral and spiritual attainment, but because you deliberately refused to take it. That man cannot become a Christian like them, and that is that he is, be faithful in prayer. You might as well, business man, start out in the morning without food and expect to be strong as that you might as well start out in the morning without physical exercise, as to be strong physically, as to be strong without prayer. The only way to get any strength into the soul is by prayer, and the only difference between that Christian that is worth everything and that who is worth nothing is the fact that the one does not pray and the other does. And that is the struggle between this Christian who is getting along very fast in the holy life, and this one who is growing along tolerably, is that the first grows more than the last. You can graduate a man's progress in religion by the amount of prayer, not by the number of hours passed in prayer. That is the earnest suggestion that he puts up to God.

There is no exception to the rule. Show me a Christian man who neglects this kind of duty and I will show you one who is inconsistent. Show me a man who prays, and his strength and power cannot be exaggerated. Why, just give to a man this power of prayer, and you give him almost everything.

This afternoon you will see two Sabbath school teachers. That one does not gain the attention of her class. This one does. What is the difference between them, their intellects being about equal? The first thought only of her class. The other came from great prostration before God in earnest supplication, asking that God's mercy might come upon the school, and that in the afternoon she might gain the attention of those five or six immortals that would be around her. The one teacher has no control over her class. The other sits at with the strength of the Lord God Almighty.

A minister comes into the pulpit. He has a magnificent sermon, all the sentences rounded according to the laws of rhetoric and fine sermonizing, and the truth makes an impression on the hearts of men. People go away and say, "Very good sermon." So I believe it will be when the Christian soul at last comes into the harbor of heaven. It will come bearing up to the marks of a great stress of weather. You can see very folks of that soul as it comes into port that it will be beaten by a storm and dashed against the mountains; but so much as the voyage is rough, will the harbor be blessed. "If ye suffered with Him on earth, ye shall be glorified with Him in heaven." And high! Do not be satisfied to be like the Christians all around about you. Be more than they have ever been for Christ. As old as I am, I have shown a beautiful sword that had been given to me, when out of his countrymen said: "This sword is too short. You cannot do with it." Said the king's son: "To a plain man no sword is too short. If it be too short, take one step in advance, and then it is long enough. So I say, any Christian who may feel that the broken sentences strike

poor weapons with which to fight against sin and darkness and death: "Advance upon the enemy, in the strength of Christ go forward. God is for you, and if God be for you, who can be against you?" Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved? Oh, this power of prayer! Pray! Pray!

Another word of counsel I have to give is: Abstain from all pernicious associations, and take only those that are neutral and beneficial. Stay out of all associations that would damage your Christian character. Take only those associations that will help you. A learned man said: "If I stay with bad men, Fenoli any longer I shall get to be a Christian in spite of myself." In other words there is mighty power in Christian associations. Now, what kind of associations shall we, as young Christians, seek after? I think we ought to get in company better than our own. We ourselves and our ten people in that company, ten chances to one we will be bettered. If we get into company a little worse than ourselves, and there are ten people in that company, ten chances to one we will be made worse than we were before.

Now, when a young Christian enters the church, God does not ask him to retire from the world. The anchorite that lives on acorn is no nearer heaven than the man who lives on partridge and wild duck. Retirement is not demanded by the Bible. A man may be the best man with a thousand bubbles to the rock. And I have noticed the same thing in regard to the truth of the gospel; while there is a good deal of refreshment and health of the gospel of God as it comes through good books, I find it is better when I come to the eternal rock of God's word and drink from that fountain that bubbles up fresh and pure to the life and the refreshment and the health of the soul.

Read the Bible and it brings you into the association of the best people that ever lived. You stand beside Moses, and learn his meekness; beside Paul and learn his passion; beside Paul and learn his enthusiasm; beside Christ and learn his love.

Another word of counsel I have to give is: Do not want to take this caution I have given you as that of a growing misanthrope, hating hilarity. For you must have a spring bow if you want to make the arrow fly. But while this is so, I want you to be especially on guard in this matter, and let the religion of Jesus Christ control you in every action. The grace of God does not demand that we be perfect; but if you do not want you to take this caution I have given you as that of a growing misanthrope, hating hilarity. For you must have a spring bow if you want to make the arrow fly. But while this is so, I want you to be especially on guard in this matter, and let the religion of Jesus Christ control you in every action. The grace of God does not demand that we be perfect; but if you do not want you to take this caution I have given you as that of a growing misanthrope, hating hilarity. For you must have a spring bow if you want to make the arrow fly. 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Jan 1st, 1892.

Atlanta, Ga.

Had Rainey Arrested,

Mrs. Rainey was very dignified and at once had Rainey arrested for unlawfully opening the United States mail.

Rainey was locked in jail, and on Saturday day was brought to Atlanta and put in the Fulton county jail. He was given a hearing before Judge Will Haight and bail was fixed at \$500. This he has so far failed to give. He is looking for some of his friends to come over today and sign his bond.

He is badly disturbed over the affair, but says he will go back to his wife as soon as he leaves jail.

"I don't think," the distressed fellow said, "that she has done any serious wrong but to write that letter."

HIS WIFE'S LETTER

Gets Zed Rainey into Some Serious Trouble.

HE BROKE IT OPEN AND READ IT.

Now He's in Jail, and Is Sighing for His Home and His Wife—A Strange Story of Imprisonment.

Peering through the grated doors of his cell in the Fulton county jail, Zed Rainey yesterday told the story of his wife's unfaithfulness, and when he had finished his narration, he added:

"Yes, I will go right back to her, when I am out of this place. I love her, and it was because I loved her that I did it. But I am troubled almost to death in this place."

His words were huskily spoken, but there was a ring of earnestness and sincerity about them that could not be mistaken. And there was something in his shifting and knitted brow that reflected acute mental anguish.

"Yes," he repeated again, "I think she's all right. But I am glad I broke open the letter. It satisfied that they had been talking too much together and if I hadn't broke open that letter, and showed them that I knew something about it things might have grown worse."

The remembrance of it caused a swift look of pain to flit over his face, and he ran his hands through his hair in perplexity.

A Freely Wife.

Zed Rainey lives in the little town of Acworth, on the Western and Atlantic railroad. He is a man about thirty years old, and has a wife who is pretty and quite charming.

The two have no children and live alone in the quiet unpretentious village.

Rainey runs a beef market and until about a month ago his wife was employed at Mr. J. J. Prather's shoe factory.

Mr. Prather is well known in Acworth, and is a married gentleman about Rainey's own age.

While Mrs. Rainey was at work at the shoe factory, Rainey thought he noticed that she and Prather talked together a great deal and he became suspicious, and kept a watch on the two.

His suspicions may have been due to his own blind jealousy or they may have been well founded. Anyway he nursed them and they grew upon him.

A month ago Mrs. Rainey quit Prather's employ but Rainey has watched over their movements ever since.

About the middle of the week just ended Rainey saw his wife come up town, dressed in her best clothes, carrying a letter in her hand.

She went to the postoffice, but she was followed by Rainey's jealous eyes.

Let Me See That Letter.

A minute afterward she came out, all unconscious that her husband was watching her.

The letter was no longer in her hand.

When she had disappeared Rainey went into the postoffice, and asked if his wife had mailed a letter there. The postmaster told him she had.

"Then, let me see it," he demanded.

The postmaster handed him the letter and as he eyes fell upon the backings he gave a great start. It was directed to Prather.

Hadly he tore it open and read the full contents. Then he went home and confronted his wife with it.

She was angry that he should have done such a thing and a stormy domestic scene ensued.

The next day Mrs. Rainey told Mr. Prather's

husband to come over today and sign his affidavit.

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A MODERN XANTIPPE.

Mr. Hannaford Says That Mrs. Hannaford Threw a Brick at Him.

A very unique and interesting case was filed in the clerk's office Saturday.

It is the suit of Mr. Charles H. Hannaford against his wife, Mrs. Maria Frances Q. V. Hannaford, and the story to tell is a thrilling narrative of domestic infidelity.

He says that his wife drove him away from home and hastened his flight by throwing a brick at him as he ran through the gate.

The union that terminated so unhappily was solemnized over twenty years ago, the plaintiff having made up his mind to "end it" when his bride was born, and from the statement of the plaintiff's petition, was not retained in their wedlock, and the pleasures of matrimony commenced to wane with the honeymoon.

Mrs. Hannaford being a woman of strong mind and fitted by nature for the responsibilities of a home, rung madly upon her mind to "end it" when his bride was born, and from the statement of the plaintiff's petition, was not retained in their wedlock, and the pleasures of matrimony commenced to wane with the honeymoon.

He ended the ordeal that Wednesday, when the wrath of his wife grew so intense that he was driven to a degree of violence.

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